BY GEN. CHARLES KING.

Commons, 1800, by P. Tennyson Neety

From that lay until this, here on the banks and I seemed to Grav as though Armtellaged a year. There was a lump in right as he went straight up to the Colonel. area never flinching, though they seemed to ell, and bravele spoke, "Colonel America, lines an explanation that I owe till you give me a few minutes on the

the way of the way.

Testain to Gran." was the calm reply; and the wangster is the way.

It was a be ken story. It rold of his desperation of his several ness, then of the utter weakness and resistation, then her coming, and with her, could to the country of his mores fascinations. Then her demand upon him, her rich, her final insistence that he should trave his gratifude and devotion by getting for her those diagerous letters, and his weakness is esting her believe he could and word do so. That was the altuation when the west on, to Manilal, and Armstrong knew the rest-knew that but for his timely aid she might layes trumphe layer his repentance; but Armstrong hall came, had vanguished her and for layers and cordiality, both her little hands out of the process of them, her sister more timidly following. Then there had been and cordiality, both her little hands out of the process of them, all graces and eladiness make layes from the process of them, all graces and eladiness of the port Latrobe's ast wish a were observed. The fateful packet entraining the three letters that that for his timely aid she might packet entraining the three letters that the total packet entraining the three letters that the process of the large and could be more charming than to the layer of them.

intent on the clear-cut face of a young soldier in trim white uniform who, with much animation, was telling of an event in the recent campaign. By his side, her oyes following his every gesture, sat a tall, dark stylish girl, whose hand from time to time crept forth to carosa his—an evident case of sister worship. Close at hand another young fellow, in spotess white, his curly head bent far forward, his chows on his knees, his fingertips ioning, was studying silently the effect of his comrade's story on another—a fair girl whose sweet face, serene and composed, was fully flumined by the slivery light of the unclouded meon. "Coming by transport, via Honolulu"—Gew. s" cabled message had brought father and sisterto meet him at these faured. "Cross-roads of the Pacific," and whither they journeyed Amy Lawrence, too, must go, said they; and, giad of opportunity to see the land of perennial bloom and sunshine, and wearled with long, long months of labor in the service of the lad Cross, the girl had willingly accepted their invitation. Coaled and provisioned the transport, had pushed on for the seven-clay run for San Francisco; but the recovering of his long-lost son and the soft, reposeful armosphere of the lovely, yet isolated island group, had so benefitted Mr. Prime that in family council thad been decided wise for them to spend a week or ten days longer at the lovel Hawatinn; and the boys had found no difficulty in "holding over" for the Sedgwick that followed swift upon the heels of their own ship. Five jorous days had they forether, and this the Seldwick, too, but reached the harbor during the afternoon, and that army people were passengers on both liner and transcort. Billy toray, for one, began to wish that dinner who came who came with her? he continued with less entinuisms.

"Held not," was the answer—"that is, on the Sedgwick in and the sentleman haited lamely and glamed furtively and appealingly at his wife. There was that embarrassing, interrogative silone that makes one feel the futility of concealment,

seed over the contract of the Seed of the Contract of the Seed of the Contract of the Seed of the Seed

distinct at the start, then rapidly dying away with the increasing distance. Miss Lawrence turned and looked inquiringly into the eyes she well knew were fixed upon her. Mrs. Marsden hesitated one moment, then stepped across the lanal, peered into the parlor and entered. It was a minure before she returned, and in that minute the decisive vote was cast, the carriage ordered.

"Oh, I ought to have known how it would be if I left you a moment!" she cried despairingly, on her reappearance, a little folded paper in her hand. "But at less you must as whalf an hour. We can telephonedirect to the dock and secure the staterooms, if go you mist on the Doric. Yes, she continued, lowering her voice, "they are not going farther until Col. Frost comes. Mrs. Garrison explains that her asser was really too if and too weak to come out here, but she thought the drive might do her good. She thought best to slip quiety away with her, and bus me say good-night to you all.

So, when next day the Doric sailed, four new

sister was really too ill and too weak to come out here, but she thought the drive might do ber good. She thought best to slip quietly away with her, and bios me say good-night to you all.

So, when next day the Doyle sailed, four new names appeared upon the passenger list, and the last men down the stage already. 'trembling on the rise,' were two young fellows in white uniform, who turned as they sprang to the dock and waved their panty cans. 'Join you in ten days at Frisco!' shoute the shorter of the two, gazing upward and backward at the quarterie on the promenale dock. 'Onl beg at housand pardons,' he a idea hastly, as he numbed against some slender orgest, and, wheeling about to nick up a finsy white fan, he found himself face to face with Witchie Garrison, kerchief waving, beaming, smiling, torowing kisses innumerable to the party he had so intelly left. The not blood rushed to his forchied, an ingry light to his eyes, as she nodded histely left. Forcheringly, orgavingly at him. 'Dear boy,' she cried, is her clear, penetraing treble, 'how could you be expected to see any one after leaving—her?' But Goy,' sarm was illiked in his at the very instant and led him slowering away, leaving her cleas to the edge of the crowded dock, smiling sweetness, blessing and blies quon a sheat and unrespot sive group, and waving kerchisf and kisses to them until, far from shore, the Dorie headed out to sea.

They were nearing home again. Day and night for mariya week the good ship had borne them steadily onward over a sea of deepest biessing and blies quon a sheat and unrespot sive group, and waving kerchisf and kisses to them until, far from shore, the Dorie headed out to sea.

They were nearing home again. Day and night for mariya week the good ship had borne them steadily onward over a sea of deepest bies sing the shore of the first work headed on the sea of a vorganity of the first of the trio, then of the two-lor Mr. Prime had found a kindred spirit ma a voteran merchant homewart bound from Clina—then of one slower tha

need of me."
"More campaigning?" she anxiously in-quiret her eyes are moment upidling "Probably. Those fellows have no idea of

which is the continued and a given by the second continued and the continued and the

A CONNECTICUT FAIRY STORY.

THE BOY, THE BOBOLINK, THE BUTTERFLIES AND THE BEES.

Copyright, 1899, by C. B. Loomis. Once upon a time there was a little boy and his name was John Saltonstall, and he lived in a

village called West Woodstock. Now this vil-lage is in the mighty State of Connecticut. John Saltonstell was a poor orphan, but he was of such a happy disposition that his lot was not as hard as that of most orphans, because there was not a family in the village who was not glad to keep John over night and give him two meals just to hear his merry laugh and his melodious whistle. And he was a willing boy, too, and manf is the wood pile that has grown up by the sound of his saw and many are the weeds that

have perished ingloriously, thanks to his fingers. Now, when he was 8 years old, a wicked and mean man, whose name was Milford Farwell and who "farmed it" about three miles out of Wood-stock, took it into his wicked head that he must have a hired boy. And this was less because he needed help than because he wanted to have some one to hertor and tense. So he sought out John and asked him if he'd like a nice home and all the comforts of farm life, and happy little John smiled one of his smiles and laughed one of his

laughs and said yes.

The next day John left the old carpenter shop, where he had been sleeping for some time past, and walked out to Farwell's place, which is near Pomfret. He found it to be an uninviting looking farm of some sixty acres. There was a big two-story house connected with a woodshed and a carriage house, a been and ten hen houses, all

sadly in need of paint. That night John had a supper of milk and went to bed without having been scolded, but early the next morning—at daybreak—Mr. Farwell came up to the attic and called him with a rough "Here, you drowse abed, what am I feedin and clothin' you fer. I'd like t' know, ef it ain't thet you may work fer me. Git up an' come out doors an' earn yer breakfast"

John rose and dressed, smiling all the while at the rough words of Mr. Farwell, for he supposed that he was jesting But Farwell never jested and as soon as the

boy was out of doors he heaved a piece of earth at him and said: "I want my ten acre patch of corn heed before breakfast. Ef "usn't done, no breakfast." John select the boe and ran, laughing, to the

lot, but I know of no boys who could do such a job before breakfast, unless breakfast were post-

issued several days, and then I'm sure they could not do it.

However, John set bravely to work and after he had done one row a bobolink perched on his how handle and began singing, and although the boy had never understood bird language before he now knew that the bird was saying "Kee-on language while you how.

I will do the rest, you know."

So John kept on hoeing and laughing, and whistling and the hoeitavelled so fast that he could hardly keep up with it. He followed it up with his handle on the handle and before you could say Jack Robinson he had hoed ten long rows, and when Mr. Farwell came up to trounce him for not doing his task, John had finished the loh and was blowing on a blade of grass.

Mr. Farwell was so surprised that he forget to be ansery, and he told the boy to go into the house and eat his breakfast and be queck about it, as he wasn't going to keep him in ideneess. John had chased the hos so hard that he had a good appetite and he quickly made an end of the pop corn and milk that served for breakfast.

The bottom rules on the wane, but plant other populars between the now and the full moon. The head of milk in the mean stitus upon a lence or on the limb of a tree, rain will came. A smake never dies ull sandown.

Carry a burkeve in your pocket and you will never have relemanted.

Carry a burkeve in your pocket and you will never have relemanted.

The bottom rules of a fence that the mean will ensue.

If the mean stitus upon to a believe it full moon.

The bettom rules of a fence that the sum the sum of a bell or at music. In order to some any time the mean stitus?

If your some the wane and the water and the sum of a bell or at music, in order to some any time the mand of a fence that he sum of a bell or at music, in order to some any time the mand of a fence that he sum of a bell or at music, in order to some any time the sum of a fence that he sum of a bell or at music, in order to some any time the sum of a fence that the sum of a fence that he do the music at their on Sunday, out them on

So the butter. Influence from summ to come the main from around them and then yanked them out with ease, and by 11 o'chek he had cleared the whole field and had pled the stumps up in a pyramid, sexiv feet high.

Promody at 12 Mr. Farwell came out to the but looking like a cross grant. He was very tall and his face was ugly and wrinkled in the places that indicate self-shores and cruelty. He was growling and grunnoling and inwardly churching, because he knew that hed have the four of thrashing John in about two minutes. He did not see the boy at first, but hearing him whistle he locked up and there sat John on the apex of the pyramid, smiling like a Cheshire cat. Well, even Farwell's ill nature was not proof against that and he burst out into a harsh laugh and said You're the best boy to work I ever saw. Come down now, and well have hunch.

Lunch consisted of milk and pop corn. After it was finished Mr. Farwell's said. Thave bought three hundred fowls of Edson Larrabee and I want you should fetch 'en over this afternoen. If you get em here by nightfall you can have have some supper. If you're hise than 6 I'll walley you and send you to bed without a mouthful to cat.

John always liked to work among hens and he never borrowed trouble, so he said. Thave so me. Shall I hick up and get 'ean or shall I lead 'em." Hitch up? Why, ther's 300 on 'em and they're of three different breeds. Wagon wouldn't half held 'em. They must be led back and if you mix em up I'll mix you up so hard you won't know your hands from your feet."

Now, Farwell thought he had set John an impossible Joh. He was aching to trounce the bow and would have done so long before if it hadn't be on for his infectious laugh. That seemed to roiler him incapable of his usual "uncanness. However, he was sure that the bow would not be able to bring back even ten of the beas and he noting of the ten miles to Ed Larrabee's and when he could get them to marching that their example might be followed by the others, even the Bighing them how the was a house of the

pole, and the hens made a dash for the meat and followed it on the run all the way to Farwell's pens, where they got it—not before. He led the Plymouth Rocks in the same way, although he set them a faster pace than he had thought good for the heavy Brahmas, and then he returned to lead the Legherns. But when he let the Brown Lochorns out they flew all over the four-acre lot, and he saw that the meat plan wouldn't work with them. And it was getting close to 6 o'clock, and Farwell wouldn't take a half a job for a whole one as Mr. Larrabee kindly explained to him.

But the bobolink and the butterfly had been watching and they whispered to a wandering bee. And that is why a hundred handsome bumble bees appeared, each with a kernel of corn without talons? Each bee poised himself in front of a Lecthorn, and as yellow corn excites a hen as minch as yellow gold excites a human, those fowls followed the corn, and the corn was borne to Farwell's place as fast as the bees could fly with their heavy loads. It was just a quarier to 6 when the last Lephorn entered the yards, and then John fastened the gates and went into the bouse. Not a hen had been mixed up.

Farwell had been preparing some switches out in the barn and he had not noticed what had happened. He came into the house, glanced at the clock and saw John reading a pacer.

He was specchless with surprise. The idea of the boy daring to sait there when his work was unfinished, for, of course, he must have failed in his Herculean task. The evening breeze brought an unwonted sound of crowing. Farwell hadn't kept chickens in years. The heavy full challenge of a Braima moster was followed by the sancy and florid answer of a Leghorn cockeret. Farwell turned on his heels and walled out to the hen house, John followed him with an unsuspicious mind.

Farvell holedel in at the different doors of the hen houses and saw the secre of beautiful birds, the matronly Brahmas the suber Plymouth Rocks and the nervous and jaunty Leghorns And then and there a miracle occurred for Miloro

FIRGINIA FOLK LORE.

How Common Incidents Are Interpreted by

From the I'm ladelph a Broard. To prevent hawks from catching chickens, heat

the poker in the fire until it is red hot; then take it out and make a young lady whister to it the name of her lover. The hawks will leave.

To put your left foot on the ground first when getting out of bed in the morning will surely bring bad luck.

Avoid meeting a tailor, to encounter one is an men of iit If a cat runs across your path start over again

or bad luck will fellow.

To turn back after having started on an errand

or a trip will bring bad luck.

If you kill a snake, particularly a blacksnake,

"I have often heard of the wonderful phosphorescence of Southern seas," remarked a traveller from the Nortth, "and I have seen some pretty fair samples of it in the Altantic between New York and English ports, but I did not know it prevailed to any extent in Northern waters until during the past summer.

"In August last I was on board the revenue curier McCulloch, in the Behring Sea, about 63° north latitude, bound north, when one night about 10 o'clock I happened to go on deck, and I was almost frightened by the sight of the sea. The wind was clowing sharpenough to raise the white caps, and the whole sea looked as if it were lighted from its depths by a million are lights, throwing their white rays upward and under the flying foam. The hollows of the waves were dark, but every creet that broke, showered and sparkled as if it were filled with light. From the sides of the shing great rolls of broken white light fell away, and she left a broad pathway of silvery foam as far back as the eye could reach.

"But about this hour was the most striking display liter it was as if the shin were ploug iring through the sea of white light, and as the water was thrown back from her prow it fell in glittering piles of light upon the dark surface beyond, and was driven far down below, lighting the depths as if all the electricity of the ovean were shooting its sparkles through the waves and turning its self into innumerable incandescents that llashed a second and then som out out forever. I shoot on the forecastle deck looking down into the brilliant white turnod of the waters until I began to feel as if we were aftout usen some silver sea, and a really uncanny feeling took possession of ane. The white ship was lighted by the phosphorescence of the waters, so that as high up an tile deck there was a pale, weith white, that made one feel as if the Flying Duichnen were abroad on the loce as if the Flying Duichnen were abroad upon the seas and had passed by us. The maste towered in ashy gray above the decks, and every That about this hour was the most striking thisplay, there it was as if the shin weep plought and the provide the sea of white light, and as the water was through the sea of white light, and as the water was through the sea of white light, and as the water was through the sea of white light, and as the water was through the season were should and the shin to the road, and, after the geald manufacture beyond, and was driven far down below, lighting the depth in the road, and, after the geald manufacture of the country. Badde the stranger good evening. The specific of the country was driven far down below, lighting the depth in the stranger good evening. The specific of the country was driven far down below. It is not the road and the shin to the road and the shin the shin to the road and the shin to the road and the shin to the road an

GEN. HENRY AS AN INDIAN FIGHTER Remarkable March He Made with the Ninth

Stoux Falls, S. D., Nov. 8 .- The recent death of Brig Gen. Guy V. Henry recalls to the writer and others who were at Pine Ridge Indian Agency during the last Sious war some interestng incidents connected with Gen. Henry's part in suppressing that insurrection, notably the famous march made by him and a detachment of the Ninth Cavalry to the relief of the agency immediately following the bloody conflict between ostile Stoux and the Seventh Cavairy at Wounded Knee Creek on Dec. 29, 1890. In the afternoon of Dec. 24 Gen. (then Major) Henry received orders to move out at once from Pine Ridge Agency and head off Big Foot, a Sloux chief, and his followers, who had been taken prisoners some time be-fore by a detachment of troops north of the White River, but had made their escape, and were supposed to be heading toward the Bad Lands to join

the hostiles there. The "general"—the service call meaning to strike tents and pack mules and wagons was sounded about 2 in the after-noon, and shortly afterward "boots and saddles rang out. The light-hearted troopers of the Ninth had become weary of camp, and welcomed the prospect of activity in the field. Maj. Henry, with three troops and two Hotchkiss guns - called by the Indians the guns that "shoot to-day and kill to-morrow" because of the explo-sive shell of the First Arullery, under Lieut. Hayden, commenced the fifty-mile march, leaving one troop behind to escort the wagon train.

The ride that frosty Christmas eve tried the endurance of the troopers to its utmost. The cold was so intense that water froze solid in the canteens, notwithstanding the constant shaking. At o'clock on the morning of Christmas Day the battalien reached Cottonwood Springs, at the base of the position of the Indians in the Bad Lands. The troops then rode to Harney Springs. and from that point scouled the surrounding ountry for several days to find Big Foot's trail, but it was afterward found that the wily chief had

passed to the eastward.

Meanwhile, farther south on the Pine Ridge Reservation, exciting incidents were happening. battation of the Seventh Cavalry, commanded by Major S. M. Whiteside, left Pine Ridge Agency on Dec. 26 for the region east of the agency to head off Big Foot in the event that he evaded the troops on White River and went in that direction. The Seventh went into camp on Wounded Knee Creek soon after dark on that day, and scouting parties were immediately sent out in various directions in search of the enemy.

These failed to discover any trace of the fleeing Sioux until Sunday, Dec. 28, when the camp of Big Foot was unexpectedly discovered The.

And the second control of the second control

From the Washington Evening Star.

The stranger, who was traveling on horseback through a rather impreductive though picturespie stretch of forritory, paused to hook at an especially pleasing view. A man with pale blue even and straw colored whiskers turned out of a lane into the road, and, after the genial manner of the country, bade the stranger good evening. "Do you live in this part of the country."

"I don't look like me Summer bearder, do 12" was the blue even man's reply.

"It's the sectory around here."

"So I'm told."

"Is this your farm?"

"I dunno."

"But you ought to know whether woulds the

A TALE OF MUSIC THAT TEM-PORARILY CHARMED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Copyright, 1899, by Frank Norris, I think the story should be set down in this place because it is curious and worth its ink, and because it shows what strange manner of men are

the Matabele—the music mad, magnificent, brave, unspeakably cruel Matabele, Ingodusi, who first told it, was an induna in Lobengula's pet regiment or impi, which afterward came to be the great Imbezzu impi. Since the tale is from such high authority. I think it must be true. Ingodusi is a ring man and a head induna, and can have more than one wife and can speak his thoughts about in the king's indaba.

It happened when Ingodust was 19 years old and was undergoing Mahunda with about a husdred other young Matabele, away up in the heart of Matabeleland, somewhere between Inyungo and the Umfuli river.
By some fearful mischance, at the very height

of the Mahunda indahe, Otto Marks trekked full upon it. Hut the matter must be told from Otto's point of view.
Otto was a sergeant in the Salvation Army.

He came from Toledo, O., to Mafeking in Bechusnalend, which is as far north as the railroad goes. Otto used to play the little organ every evening at the gatherings in the Salvation barracks at Mafeking, until his superior officer decided to boom salvation in that mysterious wilderness of South Africa known indiscriminately as "upcountry," or Charterland, or Rhodesia, or Mate-

Otto Marks started up in April before the rains vere done, with a transport rider named West, and a little negro voorlooper, a ten year old

Zulu boy Eighteen bullocks were spanned into their wagon; but their load was made up chiefly of two parlor organs from Boston, that were to help out

fit the barracks in some up country settlement. That was a strange sight—the eighteen lean Basuto bullocks, very slow-paced, led by the little Zulu voorlooper, and the hig, strange Transvaal wagon, loaded only with these two bevelup organs, the name of the Boston firm

stenciled on the outside of the boards. For two months (ato trekked steadily northward, singing hymns upon occasion, and on Sundays out spanning all day long. At times he tried to revice the spirit of rightecusness in his transport rider. West, who blasphemed the bulleries hourly in more ways than you would

Yaing glass